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MYSTERIES OF A DAY.

STORIES TOLD BY THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE DAY.

A Relic of the Revolution—In a Morgue—The Yellowstone Geysers—A Funny Thing, Etc., Etc.

THREE-YEAR-OLD Robbie De Forrest, a Connecticut boy, fell head first into a big post hole the other day. There were several inches of water at the bottom of the hole, but Robbie held himself up by his arms, so that he did'nt get his face in the water, and the earth he loosened in his struggles absorbed it soon; so danger from that source was taken away. There the young man remained, upside down, for three-quarters of an hour, when his aunt saw his feet sticking out of the hole and promptly yanked him out. He was nearly exhausted. "Aunty," he said: "I heard you every time you called, but I could not make you hear me."

The Excelsior geyser in the Yellowstone Park is in operation. The geyser is the form of an immense pit 320 feet in length and 100 feet wide, and the aperture through which it discharges its volume of water is nearly 200 feet in diameter. Its general appearance is that of a huge boiling spring, and for many years its true character was not suspected. Its first eruption occurred in 1880, when it revealed itself as a stupendous geyser. The power of its eruptions was almost incredible, sending an immense column of water to heights of from 100 to 300 feet, and hurling with it rocks and bowlders of from 1 to 100 pounds in weight. Its present eruption is said to be a repetition of that of 1880. It is throwing its volumes of water 300 feet into the air.

Mayor Latrobe of Baltimore was appealed to Saturday by a woman to decide whether she should do a certain thing or not. She had tossed up a cent intending to engage in the undertaking if heads came up twice out of three times, but the coin got lost the last trial, so that she could not tell whether heads or tails won. She then appealed to the mayor to decide her doubt by answering yesterday. The mayor is not himself devoid of all belief in luck, and he answered that the lady should toss up again and let chance decide for her. He has not heard the result.

The unusual spectacle of a woman imprisoned for debt is seen in Bangor, Me., for the first time in twenty years. Thomas C. Stevens, a lawyer at Newport, had a lady client with whom he failed to settle, and he therefore took an execution out against her, and on Friday morning imprisoned her in Bangor jail, putting up cash for several weeks' board for her. The woman is a widow, comes from Etna, and declares that she is being wronged and swindled and will live in her present abode for years if necessary rather than pay more.

The funniest thing in town is the mishap of a gentleman whose wife runs the store bill. He has been in the habit of having his cigar bill charged up as potatoes, and the other day his wife took her pencil and began to figure up. She finally found that they had eaten over 10 carloads of potatoes the past year, and she just didn't believe that the account was right. The grocer and the smoker are now between the upper and nether millstones, and it is hard to tell who will be pulverized the finest at the close.

It is announced that after settling all outstanding debts the estate of the late Roscoe Conkling will amount to between $700,000 and $800,000. This sum was accumulated during about seven years of close attention on the part of Mr. Conkling to his legal practice. During that time he paid off a security indebtedness in Utica of $150,000. His will, which was made about twenty years ago, leaves his entire fortune to his wife. Mr. Conkling of late years had received some of the largest fees ever paid a lawyer in this or any other country.

T. H. Garrett, of Baltimore, Md., who was drowned last Thursday night, was an enthusiastic student of literature and art. He was a diligent collector of rare books, costly pictures and valuable articles of *certu*. His special delight lay in gaining possession of some curious volume dear to the hearts of rival bibliophiles. He had many missals and other antique illuminated books. He owned one of the few good collections extant of Confederate war poetry, song, etc. His knowledge of engravings was remarkable and his taste was exquisite.

Mr. Richard Ray, in company with Coroner McDowell, paid a visit to the morgue in Pittsburgh, and, after inspecting the two dead rooms, they returned to the little chapel in the rear of the office. Mr. Ray was loud in his praise of the surroundings, and, turning to the coroner, said: "If I was ever killed I wouldn't want a better place to be laid out in." Within a few days after making this remark, Mr. Ray's body lay in a cloth-covered casket in that very chapel, the victim of a railroad accident.

In the city of Portland, Me., dwells a redoubtable barber, loquacious as is his race traditionally. He was recently discoursing volubly to a customer concerning the difficulty he found in getting asistants who could cut hair properly. "I suppose," the customer observed, "you find it pretty hard work to teach a beginner?" "Oh, no," retorted the barber, "in six months I can teach any fool how to cut hair, but the trouble is that it takes two or three years to teach them when to leave off.

A relic of the Revolution was offered to Mr. Morrill of the United States Senate Library Committee. It is the original document given to pass Major Andre through the American lines when Benedict Arnold had resolved to betray West Point into the hands of the British. The pass is signed by Arnold as Major-General, and is counter-signed by Gen. Gage. The possessor is a direct descendant of Paulding, one of the scouts that arrested Andre when he attempted to pass the picket under the name of Anderson.

While John Donnan, a New Haven milkman was rounding the corner of Commerce and West Water streets, his horse became frightened at some of Forepaugh's elephants which were passing. In the midst of its scare the animal rose up on his hind legs and then fell to the ground dead. When Adam Forepaugh came along he said such things were of frequent occurrence, and placed an order for $50 in Donnan's possession.

Many years ago, Mrs. Pierce, of Fairfield, Ohio, adopted a boy named Flannery who had been driven from home by his parents. She has ever since been a devoted mother to him, and this week she changed the relationship by marrying him. She is nearly thirty years the senior of her husband, but Mr. Flannery will not lie awake nights for fear that some one will elope with his wife.

Minnie Lewis, the 6-year-old daughter of William Lewis, living near Butler, Pa., went into a thicket this afternoon to gather wild flowers. While there she was attacked by a black snake, which wound itself around her neck and choked her to death. The snake was found in this position by a brother of the little girl, and was killed. It was eight feet in length.

SAVED BY A BLUFF.

A Few Barrels of Gold Rolled In in Sight of Depositors Stops a Run.

[From the Cincinnati Telegram.]

General Mike Ryan, in talking of the Metropolitan Bank failure, recently told a *Telegram* reporter a good story illustrating the power of bluff. It was in connection with this assertion that with little further aid from other banks in the city the Metropolitan might have been saved. He said: "I have a brother connected with a bank in Leavenworth, Kan. There are two banks there, and the rival to that of my brother was in a shaky condition. The president came to Matt and told him the circumstances, and that if there was a run the bank would be unable to stand it. Matt told him to keep a stiff upper lip, for he knew that the failure of the other bank meant the failure of his own. He jumped on the train, went to Kansas City, got $40,000 in coin—gold and silver—in barrels, ran back to Leavenworth with the specie, and got half a dozen drays to the depot to take the barrels to the bank. Meantime the crowd of depositors had begun to gather at the bank, demanding their money, and the old man was talking to them to gain time. All at once they saw the drays coming up, loaded down with these barrels. Matt was with the treasure, and shouted to the crowd to wait about five minutes and they'd get their money, as it was there in the barrels.

"In unloading the barrels one of them dropped and broke, so that, through a crack, the anxious depositors could see the shining gold, and, as it rolled up the steps of the bank, $5 gold pieces kept dropping out and were picked up by the janitor. When the coin was all rolled in Matt came out again and told all who had money there to go in and get it, as the bank proposed to pay them off and start fresh, and didn't want such a cowardly lot of depositors anyway. All the time he was piling on the indignation he didn't want to be taken at his word, as the bank had only $10,000 cash on hand, against $90,000 of deposits made. He had brought $40,000, but there was still a shortage of $40,000. However, the game worked. The people were reassured by the sight of the barrels of coin and went away satisfied. The run was averted and the bank pulled through all right."

THE OLD SETTLER.

His Story of a Marvellous Trout Known as Redtail the Ripper.

When the Old Settler stepped into the tavern the other day he found the 'Squire and the boys in ecstacies over a basket of trout that one of them had just brought in, and after the savory fish, in the garnishing of ferns, had been sufficiently admired and commented upon, and their fragrance, somewhat modified by the aroma of several samples of assorted goods, the Old Settler sat down and said:

"The bes' trout fisher I ever know'd were Hank Yellrack o' Sugar Swamp. An' the bigges' trout I ever know'd were ol' Redtail the Ripper o' the same deestric'. An' he wa'n't only the bigges' trout, but he were the knowin'est. He lived to McGonigle's Run, an' even w'en the fust settler in the Sugar Swamp deestric', w'ich were Honey McGonigle hisself, shucked his fust wolf on the banks o' that runs Redtail the Ripper wa'n't no yearlin', not by ez much ez thirty years ez nigh ez Honey McGonigle could figure an' he could figure ye up the age of the older crow to within an hour o' its hatchin', if y'd only jis' give him one of its tail feathers to git his bearin' from; an' ye, know crows is a hundred years old 'fore they've hardly begun to cut their milk teeth yit.

"Honey McGonigle lived in Sugar Swamp deestric' nine year 'fore he were crowded by neighbors much, the nearest ones bein' Riar Snortbore's family, ez lived ten miled f'm Honey's cabin; an' off an' on fer them nine years Honey fished an' fished an' fished fer Redtail the Ripper 'thout ever gittin' ez much satisfaction outen the sly ol' mossback ez the losin' of a hook in his jaw. The trout were 'bout the size of a nice fat baby, even in Honey McGonigle's day, an' the name o' Redtail the Ripper were give to him cause his tail were 'bout the color of a robin's chist, an' cause he were a ripper, an' no mistake. An' so Honey fished an' fished till the day he were gathered to his fathers, an' the Ripper kep' on a growin' bigger an' knowiner, an' a waxin' fatter an' fatter. Then new gin'rations o' fishers tried their han's on him, an' fished high an' low an' deep an' shaller fer him, trailin' flies an' sinkin'b ugs an' coaxin' of him with all sorts o' traps an' contrivances an' snares for the wary an' the onwary; but ol' Redtail the Ripper unly laid back an' larfed in his sleeve, and showed hisself here an' thar an' now an' then in McGonigle's Run, jist to keep the ball a rollin'.

"Fifty year arter the days o' Honey McGonigle I fust see the Ripper, an' folks was a-fishin' for him yit. Gin'rations had kim an' gin'rations had gone, b'gosh, an' still ol' Redtail the Ripper were on deck, fat an' sassy, but a showin' of his years a leetle. Then Hank Yellrack 'peared on the scene. Hank could ketch trout wuther the water were high or wuther it were low, or wuther it were muddier th'n a gutter or clearer th'n a jar 'o strained honey. But ol' Redtail the Ripper larfed at Hank an' dared him to ketch him, jist the same ez he had the heaps an' heaps o' ordin'ry trout fishers, w'ich had kim up like a flower in the mornin', so to speak, an' ben out down in the evenin', b'gosh, like a jimson weed, an' had left the glidin' waters o' McGonigle's Run fer the rollin' tides o' Jordan. The impidence o' the Ripper, an' the way he had o' euchrein' Hank, no matter how cute an' cunnin' he played his hand, tore Hank all up, but he kep' a follerin' that trout up and down the Run, year in an' year out, fer fifteen year, 'cause he'd took a oath to captur ol' Redtail the Ripper or purrish in the 'tempt. At the end o' that time Hank were shrunk a'most to a shadder. His eyes was sot back in his head so's they looked like green marbles in holes in the ground, an' he hadn't no more appetite th'n a dead calf.

"'But never mind.' Hank usety say, 'I'm jist a savin' o' my appetite fer the day th't I yank ol' Redtail outen his hole, so's I kin hev it all in one heap, an' jist set it to workin' on his contrairy carcase, b'iled, fried, an' br'iled, an' fatten up on him like a goose in a cellar crammed with meal, an' come out sassy an' chipper ez a fightin' cock.'

"An' Hank kep' on a fishin'.

"Ye mowt nat'rally s'pose th't durin' the hunderd year or so the Ripper had knocked around in McGonigle's Run th't he orter be a gettin' a leetle old hisself, an' ye'd s'pose right. Time th't Hank Yellrack fust began to try an' carcumvent ol' Redtail, ez I tol' 'ye, the fish had begun to show his age consid'able, an' at the end o' Hank's fifteen-year fight again him he'd failed most ez bad ez Hank hed. One eye had took to lookin' ez if it'd ben changed fer one th't b'longed to a dead mack'ral's; his shoulder blades begun to h'ist theirselfs up inter onpleasant-lookin' ridges, an' th' was a couple o' hollers behind 'em th't you could ha' sot tea cups in. The Redtail Ripper's ribs showed up tol'able plain, too, an' his gen'ral build o' carcase were setch th't it didn't hol' much inducement for Hank's sawed-up appetite, an' ruther made folks think th't if Hank should happen to hook onter the Ripper it'd be a bad thing fer him arter all, ez he'd starve to death, sure, w'ile he were huntin' fer the Ripper's meat. Hank nor nobody else couldn't understan' w'at made the cunnin' ol' fish fall away so an' get so lank, till one day Hank see the Ripper travelin' up stream to'ards Biler's Dam, an' whanged away at him with a load o' buckshot. Redtail stopped an' listened, an' then riz hisself up to the top o' the water, stuck his head out, an' kinder cocked his eye 'round to see w'at the disturb'nce were. In doin' of it he throw'd his mouth open, an' Hank see th't th' wa'n't much left in his mouth but gums, an' a few ol' wuthless snags.

"'That settles it!' says Hank. 'Ol' Redtail Ripper can't chaw no more. I s'render f'm' now on,' says Hank. 'I don't angle for no trout th't's half blind, an' has to 'pend on spoon victuals,' says he.

"I s'pose my ol' mammy, 'Squire, were one o' the high-steppinest women th't ever b'longed to s'ciety in Sugar Swamp. But she were 'commodatin' an' a neighbor setch ez th' wa'n't unly a few like. Our nex' door neighbors lived two miles an' a half over to'ards Sprout's Clearin', an' their names was Buzzer. Betsey Buzzer were a cortion fer borrowin' things, an' th' wa'n't a day passed th't she didn't sen' down to our clearin' fer sumpin', wuther 'twere the quiltin' frames, or a kittle o' soap, or mam's specs, or a side o' pork, or w'at it mowt be, an' she allus got it. Mam allus would dress up in style an' look pleasin', an' so one day she made up her mind that she'd get rid o' three or four ruther achey teeth she had left, an' she sent for Banty Bell, the hoss doctor, an' had him twist 'em out. Nex' time dad went to the county seat mam went with him, an' sat for some boughten teeth. an' fetched 'em hum with her. They was nice and shiny, an' folks kim f'm all 'round the Swamp deestric' to see 'em, an' one or two ol' women stuck up their noses, an' said th't some folks was gittin' mighty proud with their store chompers an' sich, an' th't mebby it were all right, but. b' gosh, th' wa'n't nuthin' truer th'n th't pride allus went before a fall.

"The day mam fetched her boughten teeth hum she were ca'c'latin' on kinder splurgin' roun' 'mongst the neighbors with 'em that night. She were washin' up the supper dishes w'en who sh'd come in but Betsey Buzzer's darter Sally. Mam know'd, o' course, sumpin' were to be borried, an' she says to Sally:

"Well, Sally, w'at does yer mammy want?"

"'Mam's gointer go to a quiltin' to Mrs. Slupp's to-night,' says Sally, an' she says would ye please lend her yer boughten teeth to wear, an' she'll break 'em in fer ye.

"Course mam were sorry, but she said she couldn't spare 'em that night, an' Sally went back hum in a huff. Mam she put the teeth on an' went out to make hers plurge. On the bridge 'crossin' McGonigle's Run she met Dominie Skinner, an' she began to talk to him, a leetle thick an' cold-in-the-head like, owin' to the room the new teeth took up, but the teeth showed up in the moonlight like gravestuns. W'ile she was talkin', mam had to sneeze, an' she did, an' kebizz! went the boughten teeth outen her mouth. They never stopped till they plunked in the creek, an' o' course was carried away 'long the bottom. Arter mam kim to herself all she said were:

"'It's jedgment on me,' she says, 'for not 'commodatin' a neighbor!'

"A year arter that Hank Yellrack were fishin' near Biler's Dam, w'en w'at does he see but ol' Redtail the Ripper sailin' 'roun' in the deep hole, fat ez a prize hog, an' ez lively an' frisky ez a colt. Hank were hidin' a-hind a stump, eatin' a hunk o' pork an' johnny cake fer his grub, an' soon ez he got over his start at seein' the Ripper an' inj'yin' setch amazin' health, he chucked a piece o' the pork in the water to see w'at the trout 'd do. Ol' Redtail grabbed it an' downed it. Then, not spectin' the Ripper wouldn't see the trick, he baited his hook with pork, an' w'en the fish had his back turned, Hank dropped it in. The Ripper give one swash an' gobbled the bait! Hank gave a yank, an' had a hook in ol' Redtail at last. He hollered an' yelled, an' all the men at the sawmill kim a runnin' out to the dam. The big fish tried to take Hank down stream, but Hank held him up an' wouldn't let him. Bimeby ol' Redtail turned head squar up stream an' rushed right to'ards Hank. He riz up to the top till the hull o' his big head were onkivered. Then he winked one o' his glassy eyes, opened his mouth wide, an' the nex' minute Hank were turnin' back sommersets on the bank, an' the Ripper dove down, held his tail 'bove the water fer a minute, an' wiggled it at the 'stonished sawmill men, an' 'way he went. Hank picked himself up an' looked sheepish. But w'en he looked at his hook he 'most fainted. He see then how it were th't Redtail the Ripper had turned up so fat. On the hook were my mammy's boughten teeth! The Ripper had found 'em in his jaw an' went to feedin' on the fat o' the land agin'. 'Course, w'en he foun' th't he were ketched by Hank, an' th't he couldn't get away, he jist give up the teeth like a leetle man, an' ez good ez said:

"'Good-by, you fellers, an' be durned to ye!

"An' he wa'n't never seen in McGonigle's Run ag'in." Ed. Mott.

Lost Husbands Found.

The heroes of the best known American legend and one of our most pathetic English poems—Rip Van Winkle and Enoch Arden—have turned up together in France. Two French soldiers have come back from Germany to the astonishment of their families, who believed them to be dead. They were taken prisoners in 1870, and in the course of their captivity they committed serious assaults on Prussian soldiers who were set over them. For these offenses they were sentenced to a long term of incarceration in fortresses, and were not allowed to communicate with their friends. Nor when peace came in 1871 were they included in the prisoners of war released. On the accession of the Emperor Frederick an amnesty was prepared, and it included the Frenchmen, who straightway set out on their return to France. They reached Issoudun, their native town, to see several changes. One found his wife married a second time and the mother of many children. The other had left his wife in 1870 on the eve of her confinement, and returned to find a son of 18, whom he had never seen, and who had been married some months. It is easy to conceive the confusion of fact and of feeling that must arise in such cases. Rip Van Winkle in the story discovers that in his long absence he has expiated his old offenses, and his wife prefers her first husband, good-humored, good-for-nothing that he was, to her hard grasping, selfish second mate. Enoch Arden, with noble, yet piteous self-denial, refuses to make himself known. Few readers can forget the lines in which Tennyson depicts his feeling as he looks upon his lost home. The long-lost Frenchmen had not the opportunity—perhaps not the inclination—to exercise a similar heroism. Their return was announced before they appeared, and the whole village, as well as their wives, had heard of their long captivity and unexpected arrival. The situation is certainly complicated, and it is impossible to anticipate the denouement. Will the second husband quietly surrender his acquired but illegal rights, or will the soldier, who was a married bachelor for 18 years, prefer to remain practically unwed?—*London Telegraph.*

Smawed is coming extensively into use for decorative purposes. It will be used during the summer instead of flowers to ornament dresses. It can be had in the natural color or delicately tinted, and the effect is charming. It has also the advantage of never fading or looking the worse for wear.

Working a Gold Mine.

Prof. McAllister, the prestidigitateur and ventriloquist, happened to be traveling across Lower Idaho some years ago on his way from one town to another. It was in the days of early stage coaching, before railroads were quite so plentiful as at the present time. The professor one afternoon, before the show commenced, in wandering about the streets of Lewiston, encountered on the outskirts of the town a small band of Indians. Two or three companions were with him. While chatting together, looking about and observing things generally, McAllister became quite familiar with a mongrel dog owned by the redskins, whom he proceeded to pet nonchalantly.

"Fine dog," said the professor.

"Ugh," grunted a buck.

"How much you sell him for?" asked the magician.

"Ugh! $2," replied the buck, holding up a pair of dirty fingers to indicate the amount.

"Him very fine dog," said McAllister, stroking the cur's back and taking a gold piece from the tip of his nose.

"Hi! hi!" exclaimed the redskin, looking on in astonishment, his eyes ready to start from his head in excitement.

"Him very fine dog, indeed," quietly continued the professor, this time taking a whole handful of coin from the dog's mouth, nose and ears, which he transferred to his pockets.

Strange noises were heard proceeding from the interior of the brute. He groaned and laughed and howled and barked, at all of which the poor deluded redskins stood in the utmost awe and astonishment, and couldn't for the life of them understand what had come over the spirit of the animal. It was hard to tell which was the most surprised—the Indians or the dog. After filling his pockets with gold and taking another fistful from the cur's nose, the professor left the redskins in peace. He had not been gone ten minutes before the latter pounced upon the poor doomed animal and cut him wide open. Like the goose that laid the golden egg, there was nothing inside, and it was only fair to presume that the only reward was a fine feast upon ribs of dog, browned to a turn.

SPONGING IN THE BAHAMAS.

The Exact Facts About an Interesting but Little Known Industry.

Off Hole-in-the-Wall Light, Bahamas.—With the exception of the turtle reservation and a compartment filled with 600 pine apples, every foot of available space on this schooner is filled with sponges. Down in the cabin and under the bunks and piled on the floor of the apartment are fifty strands. In the hold are over 1,300 strands. On deck forward of the foremast are several dozen. Forward of the cabin roof are fifty strands. In the yawl and on the port bow are fifty more. Sponges of all kinds are represented, from the tough grass sponge to the aristocratic glove sponge and the equally patrician wool sponge. Here are Key Vesters, hedgehogs, yellow sponges, wine sponges, boquet, finger and mullet, and even the rare and curious cup sponges.

This wealth of sponges is bound for Nassau, New Providence, the capital of the Bahamas, which lies fifty miles to the south and on the other side of the noted Hole-in-the-Wall passage. It represents the collective catch of sixteen men for the past six weeks, and is to be sold to the English brokers on arrival at the Exchange, Bay street, Nassau. All told, there are about 1,500 strands, or 18,000 separate sponges, on board.

Off the Neapolitan coast and in other parts of the Mediterranean, where these elastic articles are found, diving is the approved method of getting sponges. In the clear white water of the Bahamas, however, cranes are used. Cranes are long poles, varying in length from twenty to thirty-eight feet, with curved prongs at one end, and are employed to detach the sponges from the rock to which it clings and to convey it to the boat in which are the fishermen. So clear is the water that, with the aid of a water glass, a pail or box with a glass bottom, fishermen can easily ditinguish sponges from other forms of marine plant life at the depth of fifty or sixty or more feet. When first taken from their fastness sponges appear and feel like pieces of raw, soft liver, being slippery, elastic, ugly and repulsive. In color they range from dirty purple to dull chocolate.

Having been brought to the deck of the fishermen's schooner the sponges are washed, rubbed and dried. They are then strung on strands, a dozen to a strand, and are washed down with buckets of sea water three times a day until the schooner reaches one of its crawls.

Crawls are large, half-submerged stockades of saplings, generally sapodillas and unfamiliar sub-tropical growths, bound together by manila and palmetto fibre. The catch is deposited in these, and kept under water until the vessel makes its final round and draws its deposits preparatory to taking them to Nassau.

Sponges are extraordinarily plentiful in this part of the globe. It may surprise anybody who has just paid a dollar or so for a bath sponge at a Broadway drug store to learn that he could duplicate it in Nassau for seven cents, or buy a strand of similar sponges, fresh from a coral reef, for sixty cents. That is why so many are taken home by sagacious tourists as "trifles I picked up in Nassau."

A sponge famine would be more disastrous in the Bahamas than the August hurricane. The trade amounts to over $250,000 annually, and is more important than the fruit-growing industry. Over 5,000,000 sponges are annually dragged from the sea. The dusky aunties who preside over Bahama kitchens use the articles as dish rags and towels. Sponges are used impartially for household articles in ways sometimes startling. It is a novel sensation when sitting down in a chair to descend luxuriously, to be sure, but unexpectedly and precipitately, and discover that the cushion is a gigantic "Key Vester." The climax is capped when one of the dainty fingers of a cup sponge is offered as a cigar-holder.

The prominence of the sponge industry is shown by the cargo list of the last steamer which left Nassau for New York. The vessel was the Cienfuegos, and the purser's entries were: 1,394 bales sponges, 39 bales sponge clippings, 42 barrels oranges, 1,098 crates tomatoes, 19 crates cassavas, 24 crates peas, 2 crates egg plants, 2 barrels yams, 2 boxes preserves, 4 barrels sea shells, 48 head green turtle, $854 in specie, and 6 passengers.

As long cranes are unwieldy, sponges more than thirty feet below the surface are generally safe from the efforts of fishermen. The water in the Hole-in-the-Wall passage, a channel dividing the high ocean plateau of the Bahamas, is deep. In many places 600 fathoms of line have been run out without reaching bottom. Sponging vessels en route to Nassau are occasionally wrecked, and old Abaco salts are fond of saying that there 100,000 strands of sponges "off soundings" in the passage.